



COVID-19 PANDEMIC POEMS

VOLUME II

EDITORS

**Dr. Morve Roshan K.
Dr. R.S. Regin Silvest**

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Introduction

*Read in the name of thy lord,
Who created all human beings
From one single soul, men, and women*

Many countries are engulfed in the pandemic in the name of the Covid-19 or Coronavirus. The pains, agonies, and predicament of men, women, and children have changed the definition of human suffering. This pandemic has brought about a complete change in the thought process both socially and psychologically. It has changed the entire history of human existence from the mother's womb to the tomb. The entire process of human existence has undergone a great phenomenological change. Almost all the countries in the world are trying to come out of this traumatic situation. The socio-cultural, politico-historical theory and practice have been challenged in the present times. The present volume of the poetry projects the entire global phenomenon of pandemic i.e. Covid-19.

From the victim of Coronavirus to the *Corona Warriors* and from *Give God to My City* to the *Cockroach and Feminism* almost every aspect of human suffering is projected through these poems. From spiritual to the material and from the bodily to psychological, the entire metamorphosis is figured. *Forgive us, Humanity Lord* projects the spiritual rising of all human beings. The entire humanity has been suffering and continues, but of course with a hope that *we shall overcome someday*. At the same time, global discourses on Covid-19 depicts not only the pessimistic side but also the optimistic side of the Global pandemic, though there have been a lot of Hindu Muslim debates at the same time it transformed many lives the Hindus came as supporters to the Muslims and so the Muslims. Many came up to distribute ration kits providing masks, sanitizers to the needy. The predicament of the workers' class has been beyond imagination. Women and children are the victims of so-called hegemonic dominant structures.

This pandemic has taught us many things. Almost all sectors have been paralyzed. Employment, business, education, industrial sector has been crippled due to the life-threatening pandemic. Whatever we are going to give to nature, nature will pay us back one day. This is the high time of tests and trials, of tribulations and suffering. It has been mentioned in the holy book that *Despair not the mercy of Almighty* so we need to keep our fingers crossed that one day we will be able to overcome this pandemic situation. It is in this sense that, all of us have a positive believe and hope that once again the global village will stand and rise to its normal life. The most superpower nation is at its knees in the Global crisis, deaths in thousands, no place to bury the dead bodies; it

has been more than 5 months of the outbreak but no vaccine to heal the victims in the postmodern times as if the Statue of Liberty got entangled into the chains of Global pandemic. Everything has been stopped. The entire process of teaching and learning has been changed from Schools to the universities, the definition of Higher education entirely changed due to the Global pandemic situation. Religious customs, traditions rituals, and beliefs have undergone a tremendous change. And we have hardly any possibility of returning to normalcy in post-pandemic or post COVID 19.

I heartily thank to the editors Dr Morve Roshan K., and Dr R. S. Regin Silvest for giving me this opportunity to write the introduction of this book.

Dr Mehrunnisa Pathan

Associate Professor, Department of English,
Dr Babasaheb Ambedkar Marathwada University
Maharashtra, India

Foreword

This poetic collection unites many, and variable voices around the world regarding Covid-19. Through it, we aim to sensitize and create a community around the current situation. Writing time can be our anchor, and destination of finding the inner space of our cosmos and reality. Thus, the major aspect is to write under our eco-anxiety and pressure in the horizon of uncertainty. This can be fundamental to us as we are reading and writing about the humanities and its nature in the era of Covidocene. Hence, we should consider a new pandemic orientation of humanities and especially into comparative literature as we can speak about a new theoretical movement of pandemic culture / theory as a hybrid theoretical form. Thinking about our role as scholars and/or public intellectuals at the current moment, in the middle of an enormous global crisis that clearly has ecological dimensions to it.

The term “Covid-Poetics” that I am introducing for the first time can describe creative writing that reflects the complex interrelationships within the ever – shifting, endangered ecosphere. In the era of Covidocene epoch, many acknowledge that nature and culture are inextricably interwoven. This poetic collection on Covid-Poetics does not address nature as an object of perception but as the sea in which we deep and drown. This collection implies a broad swath of human cultures and traditions. The feature work that spans the globe to a trans-continental collaboration linking all the countries, including writing by members of several indigenous nations and communities.

The poem contributions are from India, Nigeria, Iraq, and Kyrgyzstan. This makes a formidable intervention into the emerging field of pandemic / Covid-poetics. The project’s poems model new and provocative aspects for reading pandemic /COVID-poetics, drawing on the insights of the current global situation, the human nature and perception of the virus, religious and philosophical aspects among others.

Contributors offer readings of a diverse of poems. While addressing preconceptions about the categories of pandemic writing, contributors explore, challenge and reimagine concepts that have been central to pandemic discourse.

This collection of poems make the compelling argument that pandemic / Covid poetics should be read as the coextensive with the current poetry and poetics rather than as subgenre or movement within it. It is essential reading for any student or scholar working on contemporary literature or in the environmental studies today.

We understand the voices we hear around us as less than rather than more the human. It is our hope that the voices gathered here will sound as natural and unite the world against any threat that could be disastrous. Even though we might feel that the fundamental ideas about the meaning of human nature and other phenomena that pertain to civilization as a whole may not appear pertinent to the daily urgent conversations in the news, our positioning within environmental studies urges us to acknowledge that we can contribute something by offering strategies and forms of communication that are crucially needed to deal with the concerns of today's world.

Nikoleta Zampaki

Department of Philology

National and Kapodistrian University of Athens

Athens, Greece

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**Dr Morve Roshan K., (China, and United Kingdom) and
Dr. R. S. Regin Silvest (India)**

Editors



Dr Morve Roshan K. (MPhil; PhD) has been working as Lecturer, Teacher, Tutor, Volunteer, Poetess, Editor, Writer, and Translator for the past **8** years. She is prestigious to receive an “Honorary Research Associate” award at the Bangor University (United Kingdom). She is a Postdoctoral Fellow of Southwest University (Peoples Republic of China); she has been awarded a two-year China Gov. Fellowship. On 26th November 2018, she obtained PhD degree from the Central University of Gujarat (India). She has also received M. Phil degree from the same university in 2014. For M. Phil and PhD, she got awarded UGC Fellowships (India). Her research work published, total **18** research papers, **3** chapters, **2** short stories, **1** interview, **2** newspaper articles, and **6** poems. Her **3** books (1 as co-author, 1 as co-editor and 1 is an anthology) are also published. Her **74** Translated Children’s Literature books have published by Emesco Press. Dr Morve Roshan K. has presented **28** papers in national and international conferences, seminars and symposiums. She has received **9** travel grants from national and international governments as well as other institutions. She welcomes to discuss about any project/book to work in the collaboration.



Dr. R. S. Regin Silvest is the President of Cape Comorin Trust and Director of Cape Comorin Publisher. He has organized Five International Conferences and Two National Conferences. He has edited 8 books with reputed publishers. He has presented various research papers in National and International Conferences. His area of specialization is American Literature. He has published more than a dozen of research papers in various reputed journals and books.

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1. Chinese People

In connection with the tragic events caused by,
the epidemic of the life-threatening coronavirus in Wuhan.

I wish patience, perseverance and strength,
In the fight against the dangerous the virus of the century.
Everything is masked: everyone is drawn to life here,
Where in the air today it smells of death?

How thin life is that breaks like a thread,
Scientists are helpless Planets?!
May the Highest Himself help the people,
Let the funny couplets sound.

The enemy is insidious under the invisible hat,
They are sick with air heavily in China.
He must be treated first,
Save, so that the inhabitants of the diseased region.

China, without words, is a great power,
Which is able to overcome misfortune.
Countries depend on him today?!
World health, tomorrow's happiness.

The Almighty gave the great people,
Is there a great test of light?!
Be healthy, dear Nature,
Be healthy, beloved Planet!!!

I believe in the sun - I believe in healing,
Mankind will be saved from pain!
Nature will get rid of the disease, -
We hope for the mercy of God!

--Karimov Rakhimdzhon Zakirovich (Rahim Karim), Republic Kyrgyz

2. Corona is the Virus

Make Each One to Serious.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Serious.
Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,
Many Killed in the Iran,
Enter Now in Pakistan,
Pakistan Closed All the Office.

No one Seen in the Campus,
Tension is very more,
Birds Also Very Bore,
Not Seen Any Cycle,
Make Country Like Jangle.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Gangus,
First Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,
Many Killed in the Iran,
Enter Now in Pakistan.

China Play Great Role,
Now Virus in the Control,
All World in the Problem,
Saw People in the Tension,
Mask Saw Everywhere,
Virus is Very Danger.

Close Trades all the Business,
Banned Also on the Conference,
World Seeing Like Defense,
No one Play Game the Tennis,
WHO Called Emergency,
Some Killed of the Francy.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Gangus,
First Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,

Many Killed in the Iran,
Entered Now Pakistan,
Many Killed America.

Enter Now G Africa,
Killed G Many Person,
Seeing G Like Tension,
Clear Now in Saudi,
Few Killed in the Turkey.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Gangus,
First Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,
Many Killed in Iran,
Entered Now in Pakistan.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Gangus,
First Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,
Many Killed in the Iran,
Entered Now Pakistan.

Killed Few One in Germany,
Still Continue It the Duty,
Each Country in the Terror,
Saw No One As a Labour,
Decline All World Economy,
Oil Price Low in Saudi.

Corona is the Virus,
Make Each one to Serious,
First Appeared in the Wuhan,
Now Seen in the Japan,
Many Killed in the Iran,
Entered Now Pakistan.

Dr. Naushad is the Poet,
He Writes Very Quiet,
He Wrote Many Papers,
Discuss Every Corner,
Dangerous is Corona,

Many Killed in Korea.

--Dr. Naushad Khan, The University of Agriculture Peshawar, Pakistan

3. Cockroach and Feminism

At last,
During the Covid-19 lockdown,
She became a feminist.
I don't call her an opportunist.
She gained equality,
With me, her husband,
In staying home, go for outing, bike rides;
And at the kitchen, domestic chores, baby care,
cleansing and cooking.
Relentlessly, I took a decision,
To teach her Feminism,
Since I didn't have any classroom to,
Due to the Covid-19 lockdown.
I was an Assistant Professor by designation.
But, now, she cut it into two,
And kept the 'Professor' part somewhere,
Where she usually hides things from me,
And made me just 'assistant' at home.
To teach feminism,
I kept quiet and shoved my chauvinism away.
Now, over a week,
She has become a good feminist,
I don't mean, there are bad feminists.
I taught her not to be afraid of anything under the sky,
Because feminists are such brave ones,
She said, "Okay."
Now, I can't even ask her for a cup of tea! My fate.
Well, she has passed the course of practical feminism.
But yesterday,
While she was commanding things at me,
To my rescue,
A cockroach from our attic flew and perched on her robe.
She screamed out of fear,
And, I too, out of the fun as an interlude.
The feminist ran away and hid where the 'Professor' was kept.

At last, I had to kill 'Mr. Cockroach'
To teach feminism again.

--Sirajudheen. P., MES Kalladi College, Mannarkkad, India

4. Lock Down Faces

A reality check of lockdown,
in the neighbourhood, and down,
its myriad faces.
A group blocked an arterial road,
afraid of Virus sneaking.
As I said, the group, a crowd, shabby are unsanitized,
Absolutely, no sense of social distance.
Their logic read, Corona comes from outsiders,
Insiders don't breed, as you think.
A half shuttered meat seller,
butchering eaters with thrice the price,
showing off a nasty mind, his answers a put off,
earning a pocket full of ill-gotten money.
Abnormal profiteering in Corona times, true of the slaughterer.
make money, when goats and people are helpless, in slay.
A makeshift *pandal* housing *khakhi* cops, seated spaciouly,
albeit a bit relaxed, setting an example.
Lathis were put to rest, and enough the brickbats for acting cops in locking
down.
Bikers roamed from shop to shop, like there was no essential to cook, posing
questions, where is all that the Government promised for?
Seen around in common jersey, like license holders,
with no pandemic fears, the swiggy guys,
nothing spent on branding them, yet a reap of ROI, as this,
feeding folks hungry, locked and bored to the core.
Away from the main road glimpse, near a garbage dump,
an old man sieving dirt and waste, in pursuit to sell that day.
Of all in the city, he was busy at work, like lockdown didn't make any sense.
Are free rations not reaching him? Have care mongers missed him?
Why does he need to work now?
Does he have mouths to feed or another case of a burden abandoned?
A world of questions in lockdown era, the Corona has brought in, faces anxious,
restless, hungry,
stupid, stealth and the cut throats.

Oh! You'll see them many outside, for the time being,
they are indoors in a locked down nation.

--Prof. Stephen Deepak, Kristu Jayanti College, Bangalore, India

5. Resilience

This enclosed life.
Every day, every night and twilight—
No activities bring sheer delight,
Humanity's discord dulled spring's might,
With prisoned hearts and prisoned minds.
Monotony screams of a battle cry!
Each sound now passes our ears, no vision escapes,
Like traffic lights flickering in our faces, what do we see?
Vapidness snuffed in the face of life.
Passive routines, yes we're bored and lethargic!
But to what rules do we defy?
This is now a survival strike.
The rat race of life is breaking tides—of abhorrent malice and vice.
Making this vile game of dice while death toll inflates on the rise!
The fourth horseman arrives/His pale horse as dark as night—
But we wait till the morning light/Marking one more day of our fight.
Inclined to guard our sanctuary/against the forces of adversity—
For I have faith, I shall witness the next spring.
Disease-free!
Crowned with profound abundance and splendour.
Where the birds shall chirp with joy—
The sun shall glow, the bees shall sing of our might.
And triumphant glory!

--Kakoli Debnath, Assam, India

6. Covid Days

A worm so tiny and weak,
Shook the world like a storm,
Men who trumpeted their might,
Fell prey for a microbial.

man feared another,
For their lives at peril,
Like a devil spreading its wings,
COVID distanced human beings.

In their glory and feast,
Togetherness was boasted off,
When the crisis came at the door,
None could be near the other.

Countless non-contented opines,
Flew abreast for its origin,
Like bush fire death and misery,
Swamped across the globe.

--Dr Haririshnan M College of Teacher Education, M. G. University, India

7. When Death Comes to a House

When death comes to a house,
No cousins are called,
No relatives from different,
Countries will be flying.

When death comes to a house,
No rites will be practiced,
No rituals will be respected,
The dead will not be paid tribute as,
No funerals will be held.

When death comes to a house,
No grandchildren will ever hear,
The rest of the story,
It ended in a Covid zone.

The dead have left,
The living is mourning.

--Dr Cyrine Kortas. University of Gabes, Tunisia

8. Reason Friendly in Times of Covid-19

Coronavirus has treated us thus,
Our reason becomes in a state of flux,
Moving around is near impossible,
While Observing all observables,
United as a nation or universe, we stand strong,
If we reason friendly.

Though going out is strongly prohibited,
Staying home becomes a great difficulty,
Folks cry as a lone host,
Despite the fears, we are favoured,
Even if we are flickers,
If we reason friendly.

Despite variation in nation,
Despite variation in colour,
Despite variation in culture,
Despite variation in knowledge,
We are coming friend
Beware Coronavirus, we are favoured,
Even if we are flickers.

Despite variation in language,
Despite variation in the economy,
Despite variation in Power,
Despite variation in religion,
We are coming friendly,
Beware! Coronavirus, we are favoured,
Even if we are flickers.

Something has happened to us,
It's so great, we're becoming tired of reasoning,
Covid-19 has exterminated millions of friends,
And decimated many of our foes,
We have wondered in the wilderness,
Our legs and fingers are crisscrossed,
Yet we hope for an antidote,
An antidote to end the spate.

Though divided we stand but united we fall,
We are united by empathies and sympathies,

We are united on a common goal.
To find a lasting cure for Covid-19 and live on,
This is the time to show love,
A time to cease to be mean but show mercy,
A time to share with the less privileged,
A time to have a common purpose,
To love, care, share, stay home, be brave, feel for one another.

--Crescentia N. Ugwuona, PhD, University of Nigeria, Nsukka

9. Covid-19: From Carrier to Warrior

How did I get contaminated?
How did I become a corona carrier?
Why did I become the burden
for government and corona warriors?
Why did I not obey the rules?
Why did I not prove myself
a law-abiding, responsible citizen?
I am not able to understand who he was?
Who trapped me? Who snared me?
Let me think, let me the link.
Once, I had gone to a vegetable shop.
Once, I bought some groceries.
Once, I visited a medical store.
Once, I brought milk from the bar.
Everywhere I was alert,
Everywhere I was covert.
Everywhere I was coward.
Is this its reward?
How to guess? How to trace?
What was the face? How was the pace?
Who was he, or who was she?
The nasal swab, the throat's swab
Tested positive despite my negation.
I was isolated; I was dislocated.
My family was quarantined.
All were helpless; all were powerless,
But not careless but not hopeless.
Only Medi staff were my family.
Only their voice I heard keenly.

I was curious to know about me.
I was totally unknown to me.
I was known only to them
Who could tackle corona and tame.
I was asked to wait a few days more.
When I talked, I was shocked.
It was uncertain about living or leaving.
They were busy in making my cure.
On the twentieth day, they made me sure
That I had defeated, I felt lighter
Everyone said, "You are a fighter."
I was discharged with showering flowers.
I was a common man, but all made me Mars.
A few days later, I donated my plasma.
It saved more lives, even critical with asthma.
Don't step out; Corona is on a bout.
Stay at home, don't let it be Rome.

--Dr. Ashish K Gupta, Govt. Degree College Muwani, Pithoragarh, Uttarakhand,
India

10. The Unwanted Guest

O love, do not turn your face from me,
For your love is in my heart and soul,
But do not be annoyed if I turn my face from you,
"For unwanted a guest has arrived in me."

They say I may live if I am strong,
How do I get strong?
When I have to turn my face from you,
Where I see the sky and stars.
But how do I away this unwanted guest,
That stays in this hopeful breast.

O mother, my beautiful love,
Tell them the tales of your brave son,
Tell them about my fight with this unseen might.
They may take me away for now,
But I will fight this world for you,
O my blessed mother,

Pray for your warrior son.

--Taskeen Bhat, National institute of advanced studies, IISc Campus, Bangalore,
India

11. Modern Attainment

One day everything will be fine,
The day will soon arise,
The day will come swift!
Everyone will cheer the victory,
Everyone will smile again!
Dear all, our mother earth is in rest!
Don't worry, everything will again get synchronized!
The sphere will once more gleam,
People whose eyes are now in tears,
For not getting their fare!
They will again grin from ear to ear,
One fine day, you all will hear,
The joy that conquered the fear,
The world has got liberty.
From this behemoth creature!
Corona is nowhere!
Corona will not occur!
Corona has gone afar!
The orb will beam with convivial humour.

--Anyesha Ghosh, Masters in English, Adamas University, India

12. One More Covid Patient

When the sun rays came stealthily into my room early morning,
where Silence monitors the ups and downs of my trunk,
I turned my face to the eternal ember,
that stands miles and miles away from my suffering bed,
It may be another arduous day for the clouds to contain the tears.
They're waiting for a long, as the sullen face of a mother when I show her my
hurting wounds,
She showed me stars, sun, moon but I saw the deep blue in the other two eyes,
They were as translucent as her thoughts and transient as clouds nimbus,

And hundreds of dispassionate maidens in long black gowns,
to guard two sapphires intricate themselves at my tireless watching,
My heart is craving for oxygen as I once longed for her.
Oh this blue tint on our lips will speak that we shared the same black plum.

Ma, this well is abandoned like me after you went,
but the bareness that drowning gifted stabs me like this aching bone.
like a mother takes her child back to the womb, this tunnel taking me back,
Ma, sing that lullabies loud. let this chill be deserted as life has done to us.

--Aswathy Maheswaran, St. Thomas College, Pala, India

13. Save Us, Hey Mahadev!

Hey! Mahadev, O! My Lord!
Hey! Lord of the three worlds,
Bhoolok is all disastrous,
Hey! Well known.

The crisis goes on,
Slowly every moment of every day,
Science is working tirelessly,
But there was no solution to the disaster.

Is the time of apocalypse near,
What kind of destruction is there on earth,
Fruit of human doing,
Apocalypse of mankind.

To eat creatures,
The Human got this punishment,
Nature as a rage,
Now come for revenge.

Human life is in danger,
Death fair everywhere,
Premature death,
Spans the whole earth.

Hey! Mahadev by drinking poison,
You have always protected,

Poisoning again,
Hey Mahadev! save us from this pandemic.

--Sumit Kushwaha. Kamla Nehru Institute of Technology, Sultanpur, India

14. Covid 19

COVID 19 is the name,
It's playing Game of Hide and Seek.
No, No CORONA!
I won't let you catch me,
GO, GO CORONA!
You can't, Catch me.

I won't Punch you CORONA,
I won't Hit you CORONA,
I won't Touch you CORONA,
Still Win from you.

I Sanitize Hands,
I Stay Home,
I maintain Social Distancing,
I wear Mask, I care.
All Indians are Together,
United and will make you.
GO GO CORONA!
BYE BYE CORONA!

-- Ruchita Hitesh Ramani, ASM IPS, SPPU University, India

15. US

Avengers knew how to go back in time,
Find the stones and get everyone back,
But not US!

We lost our people, the families, the young, the old,
We lost our country men,
And lost our fellow earth mates.
Dead bodies are now all we see,
And hear every day, the increasing rates.

All we do have with us is 'US,'
And what we can do with 'US' is isolate,
Isolate for some time from each one of us,
To save us from Corona Virus.

We cannot bring back those who are dead,
But we can save those who are alive,
This is the one chance that we have with 'US,'
And distancing is what, we should now strive.

SO BRACE YOURSELF!
This is the fight of our lives,
That we need to win!
This is the fight for our people,
Who are in our lives!
This is the fight for ALL THE PEOPLE,
Who must survive.

SO!
Let's distance ourselves from people NOW,
To come closer to them in FUTURE!
Let's not make any mistakes,
And do to isolate whatever it takes!
Let's be each other caretakers!
Let's be each other doctors!
Let's be each other messengers!

Because, when today CORONA is the THANOS,
We are the only AVENGERS!

--Deepali Vaish, Chaudhary Ranbir Singh University, Haryana, India

16. Relationship

Don't you go to the office soon,
Don't you come home late,
Work from home and work!

In the morning I sleep till late,
You make tea, welcome the sun,
Put water to the birds,

Trying to wake me up with love!

Every morning, the needles of the clock will touch,
Every morning weary of long nights,
Forget to turn off the alarm,
Telling the dream ball in the afternoon!

Open-box of old photos,
Accounts will be entangled in memories,
Let's apologize for the mistakes,
Make beautiful memories to come!

Vomit Ganges shed home,
Divide the rights in half,
Perform half the duties of a friend,
Ardhanarishwar became a complementary couple.

I will change a little bit,
Outdoor air is dangerous,
Inner wind death,
The battle is to win, keep it pure!

Hey, I have held home till now,
The indefinite period is now,
You will not be a companion at home,
Old complications never correct again!

Let's have a relationship sitting at home,
Adopt old relationships as new,
By avoiding the havoc of Corona,
Got a chance to use it properly!

Relationship of heart to heart,
Give our chemistry a new noun,
Connect with nature, with loved ones,
Whatever we forgot from the light within!

Kalyuga is finally coming to an end,
Start the golden age in this way,
Corrections were mistakes made,
Make the future a realization through relationships!

--Sumit Kushwaha, Kamla Nehru Institute of Technology, Sultanpur, India

17. Migrant or Subhuman

I am not a human,
I am a subhuman,
When the lockdown was announced,
I stopped eating,
There was no hope,
Some said I am a Corona Warrior.
I doubt so,
I walked and walked,
Starved to fight my hunger,
Chemicals were sprinkled on me,
when I was cooking on the footpath,
My children were starving,
I have never given a chance to do “Man ki Baat”,
May be, I am not a human,
This is how democracy works

We have a great team of civil servants,
who have declared that there are no poor,
maybe there are no poor,
because we are not human,
we are subhuman,
I remember how I had to wait in line for 6 hours,
to get lentil and rice,
my children were still hungry,
maybe we are shining as a country,
but there is the fire of hunger in us,
I am a Hindu or Muslim that determines whether I will be isolated or not.

I could not face the GST and demonetisation,
I sold my organs to Humans to survive those,
now I have nothing in my hands,
But maybe that is how democracy is for us,
We are subhuman.

--Vandana Kapoor. PhD. Scholar, Central University of Gujarat, Gandhinagar,
India

18. Perhaps, You are the Trojan Horse

Oh Dear Covid Nineteen! Oh! Invisible justice!
Perhaps, you're the twin brother of the Trojan horse,
the stratagem of Troy employed to conquer mighty Greeks.

Perhaps, you're placed by China to the world's door steps;
entrusted to bring to their knees, the worshipers of black magic,
America, Europe and the rest of the world,
besides you teach them the best,
the stonehearted, who was blind to the sufferings of the third world,
to be a human and have empathy within their chest.

Perhaps, you came to expose the superpowers,
to teach them the Vedic gospel of non-violence,
worshipers of power, must remember,
by violence, you will never be conqueror,
promoters of global markets of weaponry, rote the lesson,
invest human intellect to save lives, not in destruction.

Perhaps, you're an eye-opener,
came to stop brain-drain of Orientals infatuated by occidental paradise,
a doctor longing for US green card, despite expertise and knowledge,
you made him remember after eighteen years his grandmother's village,
queues of oriental learned beggars seen waiting for charitable food.
on the European streets, might be in same mood.

Perhaps, you're the agent of god, rode round the globe,
in his drama of crime and punishment entrusted to probe,
what you choose to cleanse at first, was the environment,
you are a true democrat, a believer in decentralization of power,
you visited the population centres in big cities ushering starvation and fear,
Lo, the back of beyond, backward the village came near.

Perhaps, you're a socialite,
you locked industrious parents, busy wards to their homes,
you have the credit of turning houses to homes and groups into families,
perhaps you're the harbinger of war, or of peace, or competition, or compromise,
Oh, Covid -19, in teens you conquered the evils of human beings,
it will be interesting to see the stature; you will raise to when mature.

--Prashant V. Takey, Digambarrao Bindu ACS College, Bhokar, India

19. Stay at Home!

Don't go out,
Stay at home!
Self-protect,
Put on the mask,
Wear gloves,
Keep clean,
Sterilize house,
Don't shake hands,
Don't touch the rose,
My friend be aware,
Don't hug, and don't kiss,
Coronavirus will over soon,
Do always exercise!
At the morning and afternoon,
If you cough or sneeze,
Keep warm, and don't freeze,
Wash hands always,
Cover mouth cover nose,
Play with kids,
Not by hands,
You and husband,
Wish you safe,
Stay at home!
Virus enemy like a storm,
Don't go out!
Stay at home!

--Dr Qays Khaleel Nsaif, Al Maaref University College, Iraq

Dedication: I dedicate this poem to my friend Dr Morve Roshan K. (Southwest University, China and Bangor University, United Kingdom)

20. COVID-19: Boon or Bane?

COVID-19: BANE
You are a bane,
You are killing,
Humans without differences,

You are rattling,
People with your vigor,
You are creating,
Social distance.....
Your appearance,
In a place makes,
People disappear..
Your travelling,
In air seems,
You are freed,
We are quarantined.
You are a
Rigorous
Noxious
Abyss...

COVID-19: BOON
YOU are a boon,
You are uniting,
Families together.
You are creating,
Disciplines in human.
You are making,
People care for each other.
Your vigor further,
in a place makes,
People stand together...
Because of your arrival,
People care for others,
For their survival.....
You make people,
without discrimination,
only with affection....
You are a
Robust
Nature
Action.....

COVID-19, You are boon and bane.

--Delinda Mishma J A, Scott Christian College Nagercoil, India

21. Epidemic 2.0

The Earth wounded,
No one says ah! Your human child smites in his heart,
Flagrant mutability of human Genesis dehydrate equality.
Creatures are repulse with an accost of artificiality,
Bogus illusion of religion trying to annihilate penurious creatures.
Humanity! The worst credence if ignoble are in bondage.
Hail to the Gremlin Corona,
You spread, the equal wings as a preserver,
The untraced flora and fauna sprout their joyful wings,
The Mediterranean world wakes up with new strength of charm,
Like undressed moon gave a smile behind the cloud.
Wreckage of superior creature imprints a design, the ultra-modern age,
Farewell Beguiler, the human religion, farewell,
Your judgement like an aristocrat protector,
And the poor Ants got life-long respite in a rail-line.
Their teardrop, the valueless burden in the History's page,
Farewell evil spirit, the earth was quietly tired,
Sleepless progress was whispered!!

--Shaha Alam, MANUU, Hyderabad, India

22. Solitaire

The world is under siege,
Of a strange yet familiar disease.
Can the music humming gently,
By the side of cold food,
Bring back the dead love?
On a warm summer morning,
Leaves are too shy to sway;
Voiceless questions,
Hang over your eyes;
The silence, too dense for sleep,
Your hands feel dry with all the scrubbing.
Days have melted into weeks...
Weeks buried in months,
And you miss the Monday blues.
Barbed wire exchanges,
Linger in the kitchen air.

Afternoons are stretched,
To the point of soreness,
Waking up to evenings too lifeless,
Even for a round of double solitaire.

--Sarbani Mohapatra, Independent Scholar, India

23. The Stormy Night

The winds blow with no mercy,
A stormy night accompanied by heavy rain,
This is an Armageddon,
It's a struggle to keep the heads above water,
Survival of the fittest they say,
How do we contain the flood?

Cold night, very cold,
Sudden silence... like a breather,
Lightening, thunder and then more rain,
I am engulfed in fear,
It's a double struggle to keep heads above water,
It's a struggle to drown my fears; I'm gone!

The birds are singing... dreaming?
Hope! The sun, the sun shall rise again,
They say storms are a part of life,
We say; storms are who we are.

--Patrick Ugwuegbu Chigoziri. Nigeria

24. Corona Virus

Dark clouds slowly mask the sky,
It hides the ablaze of Selene.
Heaven lacks its twinkling winking,
Birds and animal lost their homes and foods.
When they come out sides, they kill them for their foods,
Level of Oxygen decrease, and other toxic gases increase.
Plants and trees suffer from respiratory syndrome,
But inhumanly humans destroy this greenery.
Although Plantae and Animalia provide them kindly,

This hoggish act of human-made orthonovirae ornery.
So, he sent Coronaviridae to Gaia,
He made every human to put mask like they mask the sky with
pollutions.
He locks down every human's in their houses,
He made them suffer with fear, tear and emptiness.
He callously croaked chiliad of them in a day,
World of homo sapiens suffers from a pandemic.
Now the level of Oxygen increases, and toxic gases decrease,
Now birds and animals independently roam outside.
On the contrary, human's depend on their houses,
Now Plantae and Animalia relieving from the respiratory syndrome.
But homo sapiens suffer from respiratory syndrome,
Gaia cry for forgiveness and cure of her children.
Whole humans started to repent for their mistakes,
So, Corona borealis appears in the sky.
Gaia gets hopefulness and happiness,
Eventually, Coronaviridae returns to his place with Sunniness.

--M. Musfira, Holy Cross College, Nagercoil, Tamil Nadu, India

25. Stranded

Stranded on a room,
The sea swims on the walls,
Solely agitated.
The altar is invisible, like hope,
It was there though,
Where we sacrificed love,
Stranded on a room.
With recycled sources of energy,
Feeling the broken threads of the loom.
Who would dare talk about gloom?
Do not destroy the ethics,
Because of false happiness, the echo says,
The inside strangles the rope,
Now, we are safe,
The outside, a distant past,
A current danger.
Not included in wishes.
Not anymore!

Where is the power to disembark?
Hidden!
It has joined the treasure hunt,
Stranded on a room.
In a fearless mood,
And corn to feed the hand,
We bare the attack,
Stranded on a room.

--Angela Candly, Greece

26. An Epistle to Corona

Now, have a look! Ponder and speculate,
Of how you have traumatized the human race
And brought every nation to a standstill.
You have left mankind with no other choice
But to repent and regret
And no way to rejoice.
The thing that sits on your head,
Do you call that a crown?
With all your affected pride
You look no less than a clown!
You are a demon, a monster, a devil!
A slayer of humankind.
Grappled with your wanderlust,
You leave traces of your presence
From one land to another,
And render everyone aghast.
But stay strong, O human!
We will win the battle.
Keeping a safe distance physically
Yet being united metaphorically.
Face masks are the new fashion accessory,
And hand sanitizers are to be applied ritually.

--Ananya Ghosh, Gauhati University, Guwahati, India

27. Covid Nigeria

COVID-19, COVID-One Nine?
Corona, Corolla?
Pandemic? Endemic? Academic? Polemic?
Covid_Nigeria? Covid_Naija?
All join, they say in Nigeria.

The name came, like a game,
sounding new in the news,
Like dew in the morning,
Nothing new said Nigerians.

Avenue for another new product,
from China our 'brother', Never bother,
never bother, our borders are closed,
COVID needs a visa, said Nigerians.

Lockdown, lockup, North to South, East to West,
Lagos to Abuja, Katsina to Port Harcourt,
Onitsha to Wukari, Germany to Naija,
Na who go tired? Na you go tired?
Nigerians still move up and down.

Defiant at the tyrants, green, black and blue,
Dressed commanders, oppressing Amanda,
Dodging Boko harm, bugging civilians,
Arresting, parading and profiteering.

Stand still! Stand still!
No movement! No movement!
Nigerians no de green,
Ah Nigerians, dem no de tired,
Baking and faking, 'man must chop.'

Hunger pangs, naira hangs and even ants carry on,
government we cannot understand, never bother who,
gives the order, there's an order from Abuja,
everybody gives the order, rich or poor,
high or low, government or people.

Who is speaking? WHO is speaking!

Governor day talk, your honor day yarn'
Sneeze well, sneak well others say,
Cover your mouth, order you malt.

Social distance! social distance!
Which distance? Which distance?
Naija no day fear, everybody no dear,
People, embracing people.

Covid_Nigeria fans, clapping and cheering, shaking hands,
Bands of people hugging, always amused, given to abuse,
The Nigerian way. The new order, everybody giving orders,
As Nigerians throw, Covid's name around, the Nigerian way,

Nigerians love names: 'His Excellency',
'Honorable senator', 'Aso Rock', 'Lockdown',
'Lockup', 'Palliatives', 'face masks'
'Sani-tizers', 'Isolation', 'Self-isolation', 'Quarantine.'

The index case, brief base, court case,
'PPE', 'OPP', 'Out of Point', 'Copy and paste'
COVID_NIGERIA, 'Big brother Nigeria', COVID_NIGERIA,
Nigerians say; 'Na bliss', 'Na blessing', 'Na Big business.'

Brothers outsmart brothers, Sisters outsmart sisters,
Rich outsmart poor, Poor outsmart poor,
Leaders outsmart people, People outsmart leaders,
People outsmart people, Doctors outsmart patients,
Businesses outsmart customers, Patients outsmart doctors,
Figures outsmart figures, COVID_NIGERIA.

--Dr. Iliyasu Biu, M. Federal University Wukari, Taraba State North-East Nigeria

28. The Warriors of Humanity

More than anything we imagine,
Far away from our dreams,
Deadliest than even the wars,
Destruction more than even thought of,
With no suffering getting less,
It keeps on booing the superpowers,

From London to Jamaica,
From Statue of Liberty to Statue of Chhatrapati Shivaji,
No holding back with this thing,
We are still playing the game of divide and rule,
With celebs on singing corona,
To people looking inside their good self persona,
From Hollywood to Bollywood and from Tollywood to Lollywood,
Self-quarantine is the only option.
Nature had a trump card up a sleeve,
The blacks and the whites have gone far with playing,
With riots on the move, no place to live,
With superpowers on the knees
To the Small nation's strength displaying,
No one thought of this the end we saw in 2012 coming from Reel to Real,
From stranded people on ember roads to the officials walking on the carpet,
Did we thought about this,
Was this known, it must have.
They say, the more you put in, the more you get back
I think it's time to stop; nature has its revenge in the best possible way.
With ozone healing, nature has pressed a restart button,
Let us all come back together and show why we are Homo sapiens.

--Dr Mehrunnisa Pathan, Dr Babasaheb Ambedkar Marathwada University,
India

29. Whatever to Wonder

I wonder and wonder:
Whatever to wonder
And aimlessly wander off
Deeply asunder.
Where hands untouched
Where eyes unmet
When hatred is forgotten,
With heart's consent.
Cracks open the kicked door
Freaks past a trapped roar.
I stand among
My days past,
And stroke upon
The present dust...

Every coffee ended
With a hurried gulp,
Every cigar drank
To its very pulp.
Remember those busy horns
That warned the other
And how those starry roads
Promised us further?
Look above, its lighted still
But there is none below
With brains so hollow,
It never will.
Stopping the pomp and noise,
We all wanted that way
Left to assist now is my own voice
And see, it all stopped today.

--Swayama Sengupta, Adamas University, West Bengal, India

30. Quince in Flowers

Quince blossomed again as if nothing had happened,
Flowers are white, like a doctor's robe.
The hospital whiteness is a little alarming for me,
Similar to quartz rays of clinics.

We met a quiet, silent Spring,
We met a sad, sad Spring.
With the head of the bride bowed,
Which got sick groom on their wedding day.

Quince is waiting for her groom in a white veil,
I believe that he will certainly get to his feet.
The wedding of the bride and groom will take place,
They will certainly be blessed by God himself.

While the spring orchestra is silent,
While the priest is waiting in the wings.
While guests huddle in their homes,
But the wedding will certainly take place!!!

--Karimov Rakhimdzhani Zakirovich (Rahim Karim), Republic Kyrgyz

31. Corona in, all Others Out

Oh! Its Corona, Corona, the new normal,
life is overtaken by a pandemic.
Its preoccupied the world,
become a nucleus of everything,
from the common man to the uncommon *neta*,
succumbing to the virus talk,
nothing else matters, all else is forgotten.
I rewind my thoughts, to a few months ago, to trace the nerve that gripped us
all.
CAA, NRC a divided nation, varying opinions, a wide display of crony
nationalism.
Insiders and Outsiders, Us and They,
the split going out of grips, unending debates.
burning, assault, arson and guided vandalism,
cannot believe, today it's not there.
Alibaug to Shaheenbaug, a nation's tryst.
All forgotten, all disappeared in the Corona din.
370 abrogation, a state that prepared for lockdown,
they saw it, much before the nation, and the world.
How to live in a military state, curbs on all, from movement to internet.
Clamp down on normal life, house arrests, lockdown and hard handling of
humans, their rights.
Today the nation empathises, what was there for them, is now for us and here,
The difference no virus to stalk, a bullet at head was enough.
Ayodhya and the temple run, finally a shut, to an open and end case.
The grand *mandir* plans in the making, to enforce further the hegemony.
Where is the worshipper? Where is God?
All under lockdown, God and man interface virtually.
Temple nor a mosque nor a church matters now,
Its life and death, at the hands of an unseen virus.
The world is on its knees, nuclear missions world over are stalled, trade wars
have upturned, into a Virus war, a blame game of sorts.
Foes are collaborating to face the enemy, its treating everyone equally.
Drugs are exported on sympathy, Uncle Sam is out of wits, there's tears rolling
from every, eye, countless deaths, going unmourned.
Ego talks have stopped, the world is united, praying and pleading, all in one
voice, take the evil, give us life.
All issues that burned, embers of which lay underneath, to know what matters,
what's really worth, when it comes to life and death.

All else that mattered, now don't matter much.
write the obituary, put them sweetly to rest,
for life must be rewritten, lived afresh anew, lessons post the Corona.

--Prof. Stephen Deepak, Kristu Jayanti College, Bangalore, India

32. Covid 19

An arrow shot from afar,
Alights on a distant land,
Germinates for the culmination,
Of life on earth.

The bitter fruit of globalizing,
Desire of breeding universal citizens,
Boomerangs,
Holds humanity its hostage.

Every *body* a potential missile,
Potent enough to infect hundreds,
Undetected threats,
Merged unrecognizably.

All strategies fail,
Medics left groping in the dark,
Governments in a muddle,
Life over livelihood?

Questions abound,
Increase with the booming anxiety,
In locked in hearts,
Ill prepared to greet calamity.

--Dr Kusumita Mukherjee Debnath, Rajganj College, West Bengal, India

33. Blessing in Disguise

An uninvited guest named Corona visited and projected,
Spotlight on life saving personalities and thrusting,
Limelight upon them.

Lifelessness to big Shopping Malls and radiated,
Liveliness to road side vendors;
Sadness of short visit to Distanced Married Daughters, transported,
Blessedness for their extended stay with parents.
Double burden of working at home, and the guest,
Doubly blessed to have family reunion.
Mammoth polluted roads with vehicles plight-turned into,
Massive pollutionless roads with birds flight,
Isolation for human beings and imposed,
Liberation to animal kingdom.
Stay at home -otherwise this guest will turn as host:
Stay healthy-let this microorganism move away.

--Dr. D. Ghayathry, Sri Sarada College for Women, Salem, India

34. Covid 19

I spare none be the old, the young adult or the teen,
Bit more fatal in the old and diseased, I am COVID 19.

Lopinavir/Ritonavir, Remdesivir, Plasma and Chloroquine,
Till date none proved to beat me, I am COVID 19.

All human Intelligence, Science & Technology losing its sheen,
Made bombs only to kill each other but not me, I am COVID 19.

Long before me, my cousins came to warn you as all have seen,
Still didn't mend your ways, had to come and say, I am COVID 19.

Now keep counting the deaths in thousand and lakhs from 12 to 19,
You can become free from me only if I decide so, I am COVID 19.

This time I am going to go, if you learn your lessons being keen,
I am a difficult teacher only suitable for you, I am COVID 19.

Will be back otherwise to wipe the humans off earth and make all green,
Whenever you feel arrogant just remember me, I am COVID 19.

--Dr Oliyath Ali, District Hospital Kargil, Ladakh, India

35. All the World's a Cage

All the world's a cage; men and women merely mice,
Peeping and hiding, they have their ways in and out,
One man in a day comes out under strict restraints,
Their acts of outing permitted only in emergency.
At first, in the morning stretching and crawling,
To fetch supplies like milk or basic medicines,
Standing in queues ensuring social distance,
Then the whining customer in mask and gloves.
Unwillingly to bazaar buying vegetables and fruits,
And then at home, sitting and sighing like a furnace,
With doleful visage obeying the computer's commands,
Unwillingly smiling and conforming the boss's eyebrows.

Making many an odd oath while reporting to the manager,
And recording progress from all his fellow associates,
Bearded like the pard and appearing like witty bard,
Working from home thus seeking brief reputation.
Plunging to timely rest with roaring sound sleep,
Growing huge belly; making wise references,
Reminiscently narrating cherished memoirs,
Tight stretched pantaloons on new body outline.
Home too big for his heavy bottom and fat shank,
Sliding spectacles on the nose and a couch on his side,
Relishing bites and chunks of yummy snacks and sweets,
Thus ended his strange eventful day in passive endeavours.
Sans rationale, sans clarity, sans belief and any spirit to exist.

Sluggish acts of idle life put his mind into a wide array of vistas,
Began revoking shrewd Shakespeare and sensing dreamy Keats,
Sang "Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?"
Unsuccessful in anticipating relief in the near future days,
Thought of pleading Hamlet's courageous intervention.
But worried about his habit of delayed procrastination,
Assumed a ray of hope in the bleak distressed situations,
Reminded Keats's firm optimism from those vibrant verses,
That said surely "Think not of them, thou hast thy music too."
Regained and revived from those legendary literary personalities,
Rejuvenated faith and confirmed cheerful days with new Sun Rise.

--Dr. Tangirala Sree Latha, Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh, India

36. Corona

CORONA...It's not just a word.
It's sword!
Yes, we have many problems with this virus.
Just keep those problems aside...
Look! What are the lessons the virus taught us...
The Government says, KEEP SOCIAL DISTANCE with others.
But we are connected by our heart...
Of course We never expect this kind of vacation in our lifetime.
Some what this vacation helped us to have care from our relatives and family...
And also it taught the value of love and life...
The virus may have the power to kill the thousands of people...
But never think this is the time for our last day.
Just think this is the time for Humanity to rise...
With this virus we are searching the peace for our life...
Hope, Everything will be alright.
But never forget the lessons we learned from CORONA...
Thank you dear CORONA for giving this opportunity!

--P. Geetha Davenci, Mettupatti, Begumbur, Dindigul, Tamilnadu, India

37. The Outbreak

Halt at your steps!
Walk at an arm's length!
The ivory towers of the world
Stand united in defence.
A threat looms large:
Of mass contamination!
Worse, global annihilation!
With every cough and every sneeze,
A headache or slight unease,
Fear lurks in the shadows.
The masks mask the throbbing heart,
The frantic prayers all go unheard.
The crinkled papers carefully prepare
The obituary of the unborn.
Fear runs high, fear stands tall,
The distorted wisdom is sold to all.

Don't join your hands!
Don't gather around!
The end is nigh,
Withdraw! Withdraw!
Recede into your cells,
Hold your loved ones close.
The world has descended
Into utter chaos.

Empty streets, empty hearts,
Empty promises- gradually falling apart.
And here I am-
I'm still holding on to my sanity-
Did I...Did I have it on me?
May be 'twas some other day.
I forget.

--Neelima Chakraborty, Faridabad, India

38. Expect the Unexpected

Appearance is lively simple,
The way of living is entirely humble,
A noteworthy performance is ultimately sample.
This is what the sake and purpose of living souls.
For that,
Human beings must be an immovable force,
Being a human is an immutable source.
In life,
Every destiny seems to be a mirage,
To strive in order to find the betterment.
Without comprehension, simply turning the page;
Which seems to maintain our life within a cage.
Action sounds far better than words.
As one must expect the unexpected remedy.
Reflection of isolation illustrates:
Soulful understanding the flow of life,
Manipulate the stable nature of mental strife,
And expose adventurous way of living,
Also leads to identify the value of being.
By doing these,

Exposing spiritual co-operation,
Pulsing sacrifice and endurable flexibility of people,
Everlasting promising spirit is going to be carved in stone.
It will also reverberate in the ears of upcoming souls.
If stay home is irresistible means,
Stay safe could be retrievable.
Energetically looking for the secret of life...

--P. Kiruthika, Gobi Arts & Science College, Gobichettipalayam, India

39. Corona Combat

War,
Was with Guns.
They said. Watching clan,
Fighting with disease was new,
Combat.

Sky,
Is blue, they said,
Appeared a myth that now,
Got violated. The wide sky,
Was New norm.

Stars,
Were just story,
Things. Watching them in,
Open night sky was a new,
Sight.

Café,
Was the peaceful,
Nook. But family gossips,
Over the dining table was new,
Bliss.

Friends,
Were the only people ,
To talk stuff. Getting "me time,"
Gave everyone a new,
Pal.

War,
Was with Guns,
They said. Watching clan,
Fighting with disease gave new,
Strength.

--Aditi Khajuria, Greater Kailash, Jammu, India

40. Live the Life

Perhaps you are among the famished feet,
You may be starved and fatigued with a light year distance.
Perhaps you are among the unwaged diverted labours,
Half plate meal, or obscure lines for the ration.
amid the bubbling swing and political patter,
may be for you all.
The night may be disquieting, the day is enticing,
Four walls may pinch the juice of your life.
and from just within a three feet of your alley,
a neighbour may find you either in isolation or,
among the nameless cadavers. You are behind,
your sobbing family and a tot who only can totter.
My friend, shuns the desolate idea of death,
before it comes logically.
Life is not for the cocoon but for the home,
by your mother's solace, for your son's lullaby.
But for the government and the colour you are just a number.

--Wribhu Chattopadhyay, Paschim Bardhaman, West Bengal, India

41. Two Shades of Pandemic

When COVID arrives...

Humans began counting thousand worms and ghosts,
Many are gone to the west, no choice to live their post,
When all nations, all homes in gloomy shade,
Scattered ashes and mourning sounds are made.

You put a great wall and hard locks at all doors,
Covers our mouth, eyes, hands and deep soul,
Forces us to untie knots and bonds without control,
Staying at home, we couldn't escape from this horrible.

This brought pain, digging with intensity;
It is tragic, it opened me completely.

Saw beautiful strangers to seem insignificant,
Never knew I own them, to hold and to love,
Rediscovering good meals, bonding and play time,
A feeling of contentment I thought I could never define.

This uncertainty voices small things and family shape our lives,
Lockdown brings faith and connection to a great revive,
Replace pain and bad memories with a bursting overflowing love,
A love that God has taught us, nothing could ever surpass.

What a beautiful catastrophe- taught me how to live and love-.

--Genalyn P. Lualhati, Tanauan, Batangas, Philippines

42. Soul Feed

Let your wings,
Use the inks!

Rest your feet,
Remember to eat!!

The higher your wings fly,
Your dreams will tie!!

Every leg needs rest,
Use the nostalgic naive dream..
As waive on a cake of cream!!

Home is the best,
Not a test!!

Ease at bed,
Quit the net!!

Look around you...
The beautiful home,
welcoming you warm!

Look around you...
The treasure of books,
In your unused shelves!!

Look around you..
The unseen scenery,
In your balcony!!

Pick a coffee,
Click the nature,
Tick the silence,
Take a pen,
Dig your dreams!!

Once the uncrowned corona will leave...
The hurry burry life will grieve!!

Nourish the soul,
Remember your goal!!

Stay home with hope!!

--M. Anu Murugan, Periyar University, Salem, India

43. Let not Freedom Ring Death: Wake Up America!

Pride and force allies to wars won, not epidemics,
capitulate or annihilate, fatal command to curb freedom.
Mans command, a surrogate to disaster; limps on staggered minds-
betraying the vulnerability of intelligence,
let not freedom ring death, give up, to rise.
The allies of power and wealthy arms wins battles not nature -
as the symbol of liberty stands still, dead!
Let not history write man perished for want of a lock.

Wake up America, no fantasy, dream, fiction nor Disney,
life summons a true call to let not freedom ring death,
adhere to harvest reality's brutal war on man or perish in pride!
Wake up America!

--Dr. F. Julian Xercies Rigley, Sacred Heart College, Tirupattur, Tamilnadu, India

44. Don't Panic in Pandemic

Stay safe, be at your home,
If you care you mustn't roam,
No more shopping, no more malls,
no more playgrounds or cinema halls.

Isolate yourself as much as you can,
Now you are not social but a lonely man,
Wash your hands for seconds twenty,
A pandemic is here, it's twenty-twenty.

Lock yourself up,
but the mind should be free,
Bring your talents out,
that whole world can see.

While going out cover your face,
Talk to others keeping six feet space,
Follow all measures, don't be panic,
We will win over this pandemic.

--Sweta Ghosh, Serampore, Kolkata, India

45. Corona, How Mean You're

Corona, how dreadful are you!
Do you know how many lives you left blue?

Corona, how creepy are you,
People are so weary of you.

Mankind has unfinished tasks in live,
You've made hearts weaker of thy.

You don't come just knocking,
You take away people who are breathing!

A virus, one millionth of a trillionth gram,
Who knew, it would cause such harm?

Quarantine, I do listen to the birds chirping,
But I also see the isolation you're bringing.

Though, I see the grass growing,
I also see so many faces frowning.

Corona, you're though air-borne,
You're planting many lives with thorns.

Life has become uncertain and tricky,
Unpleasant and also a bit icky!

Corona warriors, in such hardship you appear like angels,
You're our God sent Manna from heaven

Goodbyes are the hardest to say,
Corona, I don't either want you to stay!

Go away, just go away!
And never return for a single day.

Until then the world will fight,
With a hope to make everything alright.

-- Krishna Vyasa, Bungalow, Varanasi, India

46. Everything Gona OK One Day

One day in my dream,
I saw I walked alone,
In burning jungle.

I saw the fire trying to,
Create dominance on the jungle.

Everywhere nature is burning,
With thick flames of fire.
The life of the species,
Near the end.

The animals, trees and birds,
Begging to God to help them.
They begging to the unseen,
Power to brings the rain.

At the time rain not come,
Jungles are burning day by day.
Like photosphere of sun,
Everywhere people lost their beliefs.

One day light comes into,
The sky and brings the rain.
And defeats the fire,
Situation is worst at the time.
But after some time happiness,
Scattered everywhere by God.

The cycle of life restarts,
Nature again grows up.
Birds and animals come to live again,
Everything is all right everywhere

--Dinesh Kumar, Lyallpur Khalsa College, Jalandhar, India

47. Ravaged Covid 19

Coronavirus entered silently into cities but ravaged all without discrimination,
The cities in India stopped, no comparison between urban and rural.
Everywhere a cloud of dark shadow smoked and a game of death began,
Days and Nights seemed gravediggers and people stranded in many places.
No hunger left to alive but urged to leave for their homelands,
but in the name of security they once again brought into holes.
Cities resonated by pains of hunger. Nobody listen them,

The life just likes a hell. The cascading coronavirus brought.
separation and agonies. Cities turned into graveyard and,
educational hubs converted into hospitals and military.
marching on the road. Culprits and criminals released,
Savior trapped in the ocean of Pandemic.
A hidden picture of poverty and employment came in the limelight,
A heap of corpses stocked like grain market.
Family without attended gave final farewell to their loved ones,
The unpredicted thing appears before labour migrants 'To be or not to be'?

--Shubhangi Bhaskar, Beturkar Pada, Kalyan, India

48. Covidigit

Covid 19
Declared as pandemic,
whole world implied lockdown.
It separate people physically but,
most of humans connected digitally.

Digital activist guides people,
to organise webinar.
digital classrooms, workshops etc.,
Participants are divided into groups.
they are waiting for their slot,
phone reminder remain them.
A corner of house hall,
Transformed as classrooms,
with a special arrangement.

Trucks are modified as shops,
It filled with groceries, vegetables, fruits etc.,
No more old weight machine.
All are digital,
Sellers receive money through UPI,
Buyers transfer money with a scan.

Leaders meet through video conferencing,
Designers are advised to work from home,
Home is full of mobile Users.
It displays newspaper,

fun shows, cartoons etc.,
Ludo, rummy and other games,
Played with social distance.

Some feels unpleasantness,
In this digital environment.
It creates Network traffic everywhere.
However,
It's a great happening.

--Ayyambala M, Ramanathapuram, India

49. Pandemic Needs will to be Defeated

Oh mankind; death have knocked the doors of strength.
Whole world is screaming, why death is alarming?
All nations are drowning, why development isn't a solution of needs?
Strength isn't solution to defeat; it is your "Will" which leads you for peace.
Is it the fire of anti-hydro which wants nothing to halt?
Raise Oh man; no one is witnessing peace.
Come on and have some blessings of peace with absolute relief.
Is no one who has a nerve to smell some good sense of belief?
It is the man of mankind which is the only way of peace.
No religion, no place, no power is a stone of peace.
It is your subjective power of Will which makes you sleep with deep breath.
Don't forget to forgive your belief for your bleed.
Submit yourself for the sake of man to be a man.
Always find yourself beyond to have a means of truth.
Make yourself to defeat the evil and lead it by your goodwill.

--Faheem Ud Din Dar, Panjab University, Chandigarh, India

50. We have met Before

We have met before

(*Cassandra raises a wine glass to the tip of her lip and sipping dews of blood red wine, laughs out loud, "I told you that it had woken up from its great slumber and was on its way to seek you but you laughed at me. Look, loon! Laugh at me today, won't you?")

We have met before

Remember when we met in vivid dreams woven with your fingers tying together knots of deceit and lies?

I gave you a chance to accept your sins but you chose to sell your soul to Sorcerer Insensible Insensitivity

As my arms got tangled in threads, you fled away, escaping me; escaping reality?

We have met before

Remember when I came to stop at your doorstep last summer, knocking at your half ajar door gently,

"Excuse me? We need to talk."

You played deaf and threw yourself in bed, refusing to communicate

While I waited outside, tapping at the door meekly

I could hear your soft murmurs but you pretended not to hear the tapping, avoiding me, avoiding fate?

We have met before

Remember when I stopped you, taking your name while you paced your way to your workplace, clutching your hand tightly

I told you, "You humans stink of hopelessness. Mend your ways before.."

You pushed me off, walked past me as if I were a stranger and raced towards a tower built with broken promises of forever

You stood tall next to the tower, matching its enormous stature and grandeur

You wore that Nazi moustache with pride as you pitied me, rumbling slogans of hatred wheezing across streets

You stood there mocking the tiny 'Me' that stood below, mocking future?

We have met before

Remember when you were at the party where

I extended my hand to reach for you, growling and whimpering in pain

You witnessed how I was dragged by my dishevelled hair, my clothes soaked in blood

They slid their hands under my clothes,

Clipping off my tongue, they jeered at me, "***Philomela of the modern era."

They cut me, sliced my lips

Like they had cut those voiceless trees

The dagger is still stuck somewhere between our thighs

You stood there- still- as a spectator- a mere spectator!

But did you care to listen to us yelping?

Were you hiding from us or were you hiding your face smeared with droplets of our blood?

Hiding from you?

We have met before

We've met before, several times at several places

Déjà vu?

I am Karma and they are right to address me lovingly as a bitch

I bite; Yes- I do!

Here I am and there's no running away because I've freed myself from knots of lies and deceit

Some call me Corona and others know me as year 2020

But they cannot recognise me by my original name, Karma

While you lived in fairy tales, imagining that you had all the time of the world

I was waiting for the moment to take you by surprise for I am your fate, your Karma

You never had the eyes to see but I was always preparing to clasp you in my palm when you mocked me

There's no forever because there's nothing beyond me

I am a consequence of your past,

A reflection of your present

And stuffed with the right ingredients to transform into your rightful future

I am your walking shadow, your Karma

When you hid from yourself, you stripped yourself naked before me, exposing to me your vulnerabilities

I am your Karma and we shall settle our scores not in the afterlife but in this life on earth

Let's start, shall we?

I could forgive you

If you shower some love for love is all that we need to heal and to survive

We have met before,

Love and me in another dimension where it's just the two of us painting a new universe

(*Cassandra takes her last sip and sighs, "Sprinkle splashes of love around and nothing else! You may be saved if you bow down before Karma and let it be with Love in solitude. But will you believe me?")

***Cassandra** or **Kassandra** was a priestess of Apollo in Greek mythology who was cursed to utter true prophecies but never to be believed by anybody. In modern usage, her name used as a rhetorical device that indicates a person who makes correct prophecies but is never believed.

****Philomela** is a figure in Greek mythology who was raped by her brother-in-law, Tereus and was prevented from telling the truth when her tongue was cut off. She later transformed into a nightingale that exposed the name of her brother-in-law by continuously referring to him in a lament song.

--Mandavi Choudhary, Indirapuram, Ghaziabad, India



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